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THE RIVALS.

OLIVE LANISTER, pretty Olive Lanister. O! ever foremost among the recollections of the sweetest valley that ever hid its charms in the shielding bosom of a wild-wood—comes the laughing blue eyes, the round face, and dimpled cheeks of Olive Lanister. Olive was a sweet girl; sweet as the wild rose-bud, and as pretty and bewitching too; even though her father was a day laborer in a country town, and she herself, half house-keeper, half lady's maid, in the city. Olive's *home* was at her sister's, who had married a farmer in an adjoining town.—But lowly born as she was, she was too proud to be dependant upon any one except her father; and as he had the poor man's blessing, of *about* eleven daughters, besides herself, without a son, she determined, upon the marriage of her sister, to accompany her: and as she was to live in the vicinity of the city, to seek a situation and "take care of herself." When she had been about three months in her new situation, in which she had managed to find favor in the eyes of her mistress, and her whole household; her brother-in-law came to carry her home to Thanksgiving—joyous thanksgiving—O, how every New England heart vibrates to that name, that day—who among us cannot look back and see the date of many of the brightest pages of his existence: many of the most character-stamping or deep felt incidents of his life, cast upon a thanksgiving-day—how long and sometimes—those of us who have a dear home to revisit; how impatiently do we anticipate the approach of that—to a true born New England heart—dearest of all the festivals of rejoicing. Of this day we sincerely hope that the laurels may never wither from its brow. It is an heir-loom of our republic, a family statue, to remind us of the ancestors of our nation, and, as such, may it ever be honored. But we are digressing—on that day Olive Lanister first beheld her first lover.

Harrison Emmons had lately, by the demise of his uncle and patron, been left sole heir to some half a dozen of the finest farms in the neighborhood; and though the eccentricity of his uncle had deprived him almost entirely of society, up to the time of his departure, which was but a short time previous; he was now, for evident reasons, a decided lion among the good people of the good town of Labrador. What wonder then that the coquetish little town lady, by imitation, vain as we know she was, and pretty as *she* knew herself to be, should display herself in her new silk dress—all the others were in calicoes or circassians—to the best advantage. And then I had almost forgotten her long ear rings, which she contrived by the incessant motion of her pretty head, to show to the greatest effect, in the light and shade; for like the Penobscots, Olive had a passion for hanging ornaments, and she rightly imagined their effect to be striking; and sure enough the prize was struck, for before the festivities were over, pretty Olive, whose *vanity*—cancer though it is; had not entirely rooted out the kindly feelings with which, half a year before, her heart was overflowing; began to feel the relentings of pity for her plain dressed, and in her view, every way inferior companions. But there was one young girl, Clara Mellan, who elicited none of her feeling of commiseration; and her eye kindled with exultation as she marked the half proud, half reproachful glance of the disappointed girl. In a former acquaintance, Clara had unsuspectingly allowed Olive to discover her attachment to Harrison Emmons, and her consciousness of his *friendship* for herself; and the yet unsophisticated Olive, who had never dreamed of the *accomplishments* and *finery* which she was to acquire in the city, made every effort to obtain the confidence and affection of the to be rich Mrs. Emmons. But now the scene was changed; she had been to the city—had been told that she was too pretty for her situation—that she would be a fine lady, by and by; and her innate habits of industry and faithfulness had procured her an abundance of finery: and for this occasion, the most “dashy” dress ever seen in Labrador. And *now* for Clara Mellan—who had never been to the city, who had spent all her life from childhood, in tending upon her bed-ridden mother: and since her death, in keeping her father’s house, and bringing up her three little brothers. For her to step between the richest man in the room and her beautiful self was not to be borne by Olive Lanister. It will easily be seen that at this time Olive was not the character which we described at the commencement of our story, and yet she was not vicious; and for a pretty girl her conduct had ever been marked by an uncommon degree of propriety and decorum. But her vanity was awakened—pampered—it was now her ruling passion, and who or what opposed its gratification seemed to her moated eye, as odious and unworthy. “Well, Olive,” said her sister, after the com-

pany had retired; "how do you like Mr. Emmons—he appeared very attentive to you." "O yes, he could not well avoid it, as I was a stranger, and the finest affair in the room besides: but he is a great awkward fellow, if he is rich." "But he is very amiable, and would make an excellent husband, and you are a poor girl." "Well," said Olive, "if I am poor, I look as well as any of them, and that you know is what the men value." "You are mistaken," answered Margaret, "sensible men do not *value* beauty. As a novelty it attracts their admiration:—but Harrison Emmons as your husband would never love you more for being handsome." "Husband"—repeated Olive scornfully, "I do not intend to husband any one these ten years: I can take care of myself at present." "Have a care for yourself, my dear Olive," said her sister, with a serious air—and here we will leave them for the present, and follow Clara Mellan to her home. "I am glad to see you at home so early," said Mr. Mellan, "for I wish to converse with you on a subject which concerns us both. But I fear my love you have passed an unpleasant evening," he continued with an anxious countenance, as the fire shone upon the uncommon palor of his daughter's features; "and I fear me I have too long delayed the communication I am about to make." "Dear father," said Clara, the tears starting in her eyes; "I shall ever be happy with you—but I am impatient to hear what you have to say." "What I have to say, my child, will carry me back to the days of other years. You well know that I have no relatives—I was left at an early age doubly an orphan, and under the guardianship of one who considered the sacred trust a burden upon his hands, and therefore, when at eighteen, I had, according to my father's will arrived at my majority, and came in possession of the few thousands which was my inheritance, I was freed from every restraint. Clara, I should shrink from informing your brothers of the irregularities of the few following years: but since your sainted mother forgot and forgave them all, I have no fear that you will love me the less for the knowledge.—Suffice it to say that in the engrossing vortex of evil company, money and morals flew together: yet I had not lost my self respect, nor for the world would I have had your mother acquainted with my irregularities; but the way of the transgressor is hard. Evil companionship at length wrought its moral, and I was arrested for a crime of which, until that moment, I was entirely ignorant; but circumstantial evidence was against me, and I spent three months of solitary confinement in the State's Prison. I was liberated, and in the frenzy of anxiety and despair, I flew to your mother's residence—like me she was an orphan, but pennyless and dependent. I was rudely thrust from the door, where I was forbidden again to enter: but when the evening came down, I walked that way again; I saw her, she forgave all—a clergyman lived in the

next street—that evening we were married—disowned. The ensuing morning we took up our journey, and sought our home in this delightful retreat. Here I purchased this cottage and farm, with the remnant of my property, and bitterly did I often lament that what I now found so necessary, had been squandered upon objects so much less than worthless. As however, I became more accustomed to labor, we felt less want of money. I had also a taste for the mechanic arts, which enabled me, with a little exertion of ingenuity, to supply most of my neighbors' wants, in several of its branches; and though poor, we were ever comfortable and happy. We had lived thus nine years, in seclusion and contentment; when the extreme loveliness of a May-day evening, drew me out to stroll with you, my child, on the banks of our own turbid and precipitous stream: we had wandered about a mile from our cottage, when my attention was arrested by the form of a man, half way up a precipice on the opposite bank, apparently in the endeavor to obtain some very fine geological specimens, of which he was now within a short distance. But at this moment it became evident to him, as well as myself, that he could proceed no farther, but as, suddenly, in his disappointment, he turned to examine his facilities for descent, the shelve which had supported him, slid from its place, and he was precipitated into the foaming current below. To throw off my coat, rush down the bank and along the shore, to where the current "made" towards my side, was the work of a moment. But he was entirely stunned by the fall, and I found my utmost exertions in requisition, to stem the angry current, and bring both him and myself to the shore in safety—but when once there, your cries of fear soon aroused us. Ah! I see you recollect it. I led him up the bank, and seated him on the soft grass beneath the budding trees. After a violent effort to control his agitation, which I attributed to his late danger; he at length recovered his voice and asked in an imploring tone, "who is she?" "That little girl?" said I "she is my daughter—Clara Mellan—Clara Warren Mellan—" and Clara Warren of B——" he groaned, "is her mother, and you are the fel—, you are her husband." I arose and led you, as you probably remember, to a little distance, and then returning, replied—"you have said right, sir, I *was* a felon, or at least was so convicted, though God knows, I suffered innocently; and I *am* the husband of Clara Warren—and now, sir, who are you, that are so intimately acquainted with my concerns." "I am a disappointed and unhappy man," said he—"but you have saved my life, and in return I will tell you how you and yours are so nearly connected with my happiness.—He then informed me that he had known and loved Clara Warren, from infancy; her image had been blended with his every dream of future happiness: and when, from an extremely lucrative voyage to India,

he returned to lay his wealth at her feet : but found his bird of Paradise flown ; and as he was told, to the arms of worthlessness and villany. The shock to his hopes was almost too much for his reason : he settled up his business, vested his property in Bank stock, and took up the life of a wanderer. He had followed the sea, traveled in foreign countries, sighed over his blighted hopes on the bridge of sighs, and dreamed of dying for love, on the top of a Pyramid. At length he returned to his native land, and found his only sister the widow of a drunkard, and the last survivor of his family. He remained with her to smooth *her* passage to the grave, where he laid her in eight months after his arrival ; and in return for his kindness, she gave him what to his isolated heart was a treasure indeed—her only child, Harrison Emmons, and now he determined to seek for retirement and quiet. His advertisement for a retired establishment in the country, resulted in the purchase of the Tudor farm, in our immediate vicinity—and in his acquaintance with the husband and daughter of his lost Clara, (with your mother he never met, he felt that he could not bear an interview with her,) and he accordingly acquired the character of an eccentric, by confining himself almost entirely to his own premises—but for you, dear Clara, he evinced the greatest interest and regard : and the darling scheme of his after life, and one upon which he has left his most explicit directions, was a union between his heir, Harrison Emmons, and yourself. Be calm, Clara, and hear me a little longer : you have often heard that Mr. Harrison left his will in two parts ; the one relative to his real estate, which he gave entirely to young Emmons, he directed to be made known to him immediately following his death. The other, relative to his personal property, he left in the care of 'Squire Alton of B——, and myself, directing that its contents should not be made known until Harrison Emmons should become twenty-two years of age—*excepting* its disclosure became, according to my discretion, necessary to its fulfilment. That time is now come"—and he turned over the leaf of the large old Bible lying before him, and taking up the paper, thus exposed to view, began to read a copy of the last will and testament of William Harrison, late of Labrador, in said county, Esq.—by which he gave and bequeathed the sum of twelve thousand dollars, deposited in —— Bank, and drawing interest from and after ——, (here was mentioned a date about ten years prior to that time :) to Clara Mellan, on condition of her having married Harrison Emmons, previous to, or at the time of her becoming eighteen, and he twenty-two years of age, or at any time thereafter, when they shall be so married. And on condition of said Harrison Emmons *declining* to marry the said Clara, or marrying another, then he the said William Harrison gave and bequeathed to the

said Clara, the whole sum aforesaid, her heirs and assigns forever.— And on condition of the said Clara's refusal to marry the said Harrison, then the interest of the sum aforesaid should be paid to the said Clara, from the time that she attained her eighteenth year, during her life; but the principal should revert to the said Harrison Emmons, his heirs and assigns forever. "But what is the matter, my child, continued Mr. Mellan, as he raised his head; "why those tears, have you formed some other attachment?" "No, dear father, but Harrison has."—"Harrison, impossible! he must have known his uncle's wishes." "But it is not impossible, father; he has throughout the day, and especially during the evening, devoted himself to Olive Lanister, the lady's maid from the city." "Is this true?" said Mr. Mellan, rising from his seat; "I will go to Harrison, while it is not too late, he shall not thus disgrace his uncle's house, without a knowledge of his Will, and the advice of a friend." "Father, father," said Clara, springing forward and intercepting his passage to the door: "father, would you buy a husband for your daughter, with money? would you have Harrison marry me, and then tell me by and by, that he would have married the pretty Olive had not part of *his* fortune been left to *me*? no father, we will resign this ill timed bequest, and Harrison Emmons shall have liberty to marry whom he pleases; while I, my dear father, will ever live with you."—"You *are* a noble girl, Clara," said the proud father, as he folded her in his arms. "You are your mother's self, and you shall be happy if your father can compass the means." But here their farther conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door—it was opened by Mr. Mellan, and to the mutual astonishment of both father and daughter, Harrison Emmons presented himself. After a hasty and embarrassed apology to Mr. Mellan for the unseasonableness of his call, he stepped forward to the seat into which Clara had sank upon his first entrance, and in an agitated voice informed her that the object of his intruding himself at so untimely an hour, was to make an apology, and request her forgiveness for his behavior to herself and others, during the day and evening past. "Mr. Emmons," said Clara coldly, "you are by no means accountable to me for your conduct, in any respect." "But I wish to be, dear Clara; I am ashamed of my behavior; ashamed of the fascination which that butterfly form and face, has exercised over me; and now I have come—in the presence of your father, to offer you the hand with the heart which has been yours from infancy. Will you not speak, Clara; can you not, and cannot you, sir, forgive the folly, the childishness of one day, and receive as a son one who will devote his life to making your daughter happy?" "Yes my dear boy, nothing would make me happier than this scene." Then seizing a hand of each, he placed them together: "there," he continued, "God bless you

my children, and may you ever love each other, as I know you do now; but go to bed, my love, you are already overcome; go to rest, and may your mother's angel guard you." Clara gladly availed herself of this permission; while Harrison, after half an hour's chat with his father to be; took his leave also. And I have heard it whispered that though neither he or Clara slept a moment that night, they were so *sympathetically* happy the next day, that they met in Mr. Mellan's little front parlor, and devised a very excellent plan for remaining so, as long as they both should live.

After lingering out a week in Labrador, and wondering what kind of country etiquette could keep Mr. Emmons from rendering himself visible; and declaring the admiration with which she must have inspired him—Olive Lanister returned to the City, beauless as she came, and with the wings of her vanity a very little clipped. But a wound of this kind was *now* not to be healed: to have the plain, dark complected Clara Mellan, preferred before her, was not to be borne, and she determined to show Mr. Emmons that she could get married without him. She accordingly accepted the first offer, and a husband, in the person of Mr. Patrick Donovan, who told her that *she* was a "raal jewel," and the beauty of the world. And as he also informed her that he was a first rate tailor, direct from Philadelphia; no one *could* question his *gentility*—she thought him a first rate match. They were married and began to board in fine style. Olive's vanity was again carrying her beyond all the bounds of prudence, when it received an effectual damper, by the appearance of a red faced Irish woman, who laid a claim of prior right to the person of Mr. Patrick Donovan. The claim admitting of no dispute, *pretty* Olive was thankful to obtain again the protection of the kind lady with whom she had formerly resided. Here she learned the lesson, which, well for her, had she learned it long before; that beauty may excite admiration, but only modest *worth* will ensure esteem. And now, at forty years of age, Pretty Olive Lanister is one of the kindest and best of women, devoting her whole life to the care of the sick and afflicted.

But it is time to return to Labrador, and notify our impatient readers of the course of matters and things there. It was just nine weeks and three days from the last mentioned interview between our hero and heroine, that the long wished for day arrived, which was marked as the *double* anniversary of the births of Harrison Emmons and Clara Mellan; he then attaining his twenty-second, and she her eighteenth year. On this day an unusual bustle and preparation was observed about the usually quiet dwelling of Mr. Mellan. Towards evening, several pedestrians were seen to enter; then came a dashing carriage from the city, from which alighted Esquire Alton, lady and daughter; soon after

followed "young Esquire Emmons' new equipage, which, leaving him at the door, galloped off in another direction, and soon returned, bringing the Rev. Mr. Hight, Mrs. Hight and little Alexander Gordon Wakefield Parsons Hight, the yearling hopeful of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hight. In *some* places ministers children are a favored community : it was so in Labrador, and every one in the room felt themselves in duty bound to say, "what a fine babe you have, Mrs. Hight; how old is it? a *very* fine little fellow, what is your name sir?" And the euphonious name of Alexander Gordon Wakefield Parsons Hight, was repeated to *nearly* every one in the room. Clara, who officiated as mistress of ceremonies, and received the company as usual; was dressed in a plain white satin frock, with her dark hair falling in rich ringlets over her neck, and half hiding the only ornament she wore—a massive gold chain, to which depended the miniature of the late Mr. Harrison: it was his own gift, for the bride of his heir. The clergyman, after an interval of easy conversation, arose with a solemn air, and took his station. When Harrison Emmons immediately led forth his bride, and in a few moments they were pronounced husband and wife. The benediction was passed, and they were about to take their seats, when Esquire Alton stepped forward. "I believe," said he, "that the Will of my friend left me a trifling part to perform in the ceremonies of this happy day;" and there were sly glances of pleasure, and countenances of wonder, among the guests, as he proceeded to read the Will, which gave the whole monied estate of the late Wm. Harrison, as a marriage dower to Harrison Emmons and Clara Mellan their heirs and assigns forever.

LOVE'S FIRST GIFT.

O long ago, when life was in bloom,
In the vale of affection and truth;
E'er the summer sun of passion, had doomed
To autumn, the may-buds of youth:

When every evening, brought but a calm
To the morning's freshness of bliss;
And the fount of affection, all gushing and warm,
Had ne'er been defiled by a kiss:

When the deep spirit-tones of the heart, had ne'er been
Meeted out in the language of earth;
And its love, in its Heavenly springs trembled in,
Ee'er polluted with earth it flowed forth;

I had a rose tree, blooming and green,
Affection's first offering dear :
For our love was too young for language then,
And the rose was its souvenir.

O ! *how* I loved it ;—at evenings hour,
When spirits their dewy tears shed,
I carried it forth, that they might pour
Their benisons, on its young head.

And when the day god, his lamp relumed,
To light up, the sleeping earth,
I joyed, o'er every new tint it assumed,
As in the new light they shone forth.

At day's first dawn, at dreamy noon,
And when evening her dark curtains close,
I cherished how fondly that idolized one,
To shield from decay my young rose.

But all was in vain, all its vigour was gone,
Every evening, bowed lower its head ;
And when early I rose, to caress it one morn,
Love's first, purest, offering was dead.

'Twas the cold world's first lesson—the emblem of love ;
It springs up, gushes forth, but its tide
Is soon lost in passion ; and so the rose proved—
It budded, it bloomed, and it died.

THE EVENTS OF A MORNING.

“THANK Heaven !” ejaculated my better half, as she rubbed open her eyes the other morning, and saw the clouds floating by our window ; “than Heaven, my dear Mr. Patronized, it is a stormy day, and we are without company. How glad I am that the Wetmore's *did* go away last night. And now I think of it, Mr. Patronized, I do not see what they came for :—to drop in so unceremoniously with their family, and stay two nights and a day, merely upon the strength of having seen us once, and knowing our friends ; seems to me rather presuming—really people *do* come here with very little ceremony.” “It is undeniable, my dear,” said I, “that we have more company than has claims upon us ; but it is owing, in a great measure, to our local situation. A large house in every body's way—and then it is so natural, when people are once in the

house, to invite them to stay, or to repeat the visit." "But we shall have a day of quiet now," said Susan, "for there is every appearance of a storm." And Susan was right—for we had scarcely entered the breakfast parlor, than the rain began to fall in torrents: yet we sat down to our morning repast, with gay faces and merry hearts; for, wonder of the world, we were entirely by ourselves. The coffee was just to my liking, and I was not obliged to circumscribe my accustomed quantity—of five cups—lest it should not hold out: the salads were fresh and green, "just washed in the shower;" the butter was cool, and my entire breakfast was delicious. But the end of all these things must come, even of a breakfast, all alone with one's wife. Women are never easy, and accordingly my wife had no sooner ordered the breakfast things removed, than she began to plan operations for the day. "I think, my dear," she began, "you had better tune the Piano, to day, as we shall be so by ourselves:—and I will make up my new window curtains, which Miss Hobbs has so often disappointed me about." Against this plan I protested, as I feared the exertion would be too much for her health: but she assured me that *with my assistance in measuring and cutting*, she could do them quite as easily as Miss Hobbs; and she would bring them down and be with me—this argument was unanswerable. So the damask was brought forth, and thrown in "a heap of folded crimson," upon the sofa, and we went to work. Curtains, fringes, chords and tassels, were strown in promiscuous confusion around the room: at length all but the sewing part was done, and being kindly excused from that, I commenced making confusion worse confounded, by operating upon the piano. I wish I could describe the appearance of our elegant drawing room, at this time,—the turkey carpet was plentifully strewn with the ravellings and the litter of the making curtains; several chairs which had happened to be in the way, were huddled into one corner, while to another was wheeled the centre-table, on which were piled cords and discords, damask and music books, songs and fringes, waltzes and tassels, in promiscuous confusion: and on the sofa sat my wife, with her *curtains* spread like a flowing eastern robe about her, and fingers busy as industry's self, about her work:—while opposite sat my distinguished self, by the piano, which was drawn out from the wall—its top turned back, and I, in linen jacket and slippers, working with hand, eye and ear, to manufacture harmony. "How much comfort we take to-day, my dear," said Susan, as I turned round to rest my shoulder from the screw, and looked with a smile into her happy face. "Yes," said I, "but bless your heart, Susan, what are we to have for dinner?"

I really had forgotten that we needed to eat and drink when we had no company." "O! I had not forgotten it, my love," said Susy, in her most soothing tone; "but I thought it would be a pity to lose so good an opportunity of having the dining room and kitchen "white-washed" over head; so I told Betsey, who is an excellent hand, to go about it, and not mind the dinner; for I thought that, as the carpet was taken up, and the dining room otherwise unfit to use to day, we should of course have to set the dinner table here; and it would be best, as we are alone, to dispense with meat, lest we should get gravy or grease on to the capret." "But what *will* you have, my dear," said I, "no meat, no gravy, what shall we dine upon?" "O, we will have some bread and butter, with a strip of Cod-fish, and a cup of tea." This *was* a clapper, for I had all the morning been vaguely ruminating on a delightful dinner all to ourselves; though I had not in reality *thought* for a moment where it was to come from:—however I now recollected that there was a noble ripe Melon in the garden, and instantly determining to sacrifice it to love in retirement, I bowed to my wife's superior wisdom, and turned again to my screws. At this juncture down came the knocker. "Bless me, Mr. Patronized, you must open the door, for I dare say that Betsey is up to the eyes in lime: and show," she continued, "whoever it is into the library; of course, nothing but business could bring any one here *to-day*." But her whispered directions were cut short by the hall door's flying open—and the next instant the same hand sent that of the parlor back on its hinges, and Doct. Go-a-head threw his dripping cloak and umbrella upon the settee, and half bounded, half bowed himself into the room. "Ah! how are you, Patronized—Mrs. Patronized your most devoted:—this pelting rain is my apology for flying in so like a hunted woodchuck. Look, Patronized, I would run a mile every day to see such a blush. Ah, you are an enviable fellow—I want a wife, and am courting the widow Waiting." This piece of intelligence entirely unsettled our gravity, more especially owing to the mock candid manner in which it was given. The widow Waiting commanded nine small children, any one of them capable of taking a box with his mother; and all the dead her husband was, was dead drunk. But that was no matter to her, for she was usually as high as he was low. All these ideas rushed at one instant into our minds, together with the embarrassed love-lorn air which the Doctor had assumed; and we burst out into an uproarious fit of laughter; while the Doctor's tremendous haw, haw, haw, rose like the peal of a cannon, above our small shot. In the midst of all this, the knocker again gave note of warning, and this time we

were in a predicament ; for though the Doctor was hushed in a moment, I found my utmost efforts in requisition to smooth my muscles into a suitably grave position, and make them stay smoothed ; and with Susan it was quite out of the question. The Doctor saw how matters stood, and walking coolly into the hall, opened the door—when who should present himself to our view, but the Rev. Mr. Goodly, the clergyman of our parish. “Doctor,” said the young divine, as he shook the good hearted fellow by the hand, “I might have known that you were here, for you are like the bad school boy, you will neither keep still yourself, nor allow others to be so.” “Ah ! your reverence,” began the Doctor, “I see how it is, these good people will be drawn over the coals, and all for my fault : and now, your reverence,” he continued, talking so fast that no one could crowd in a word edge-wise ; “let me make my affidavit,—and I do affirm that I have lived by the culprits more years than I should care to tell, before my market is made, and never before have I known them to be guilty of laughing aloud ; but just now I was only telling them that I was about to marry the widow Waiting, and be raising a family of my own ; when their evil nature got the better of them, and, sad to relate, they laughed aloud ; but your reverence, as I was the cause and most of the effect, I will submit to full mauling, for the whole offence. The last part of the Doctor’s justification was scarcely heard, for the minister was laughing as loudly as we had done, and Susan had relapsed into one of those distressing and uncontrollable fits of laughter, to which nervous women are so frequently subject. The good Doctor was alarmed, and running into the dining room, to get a glass of water from the side-board ; he received the finishing stroke from Betsey’s brush, full in the face. I have seen comical and queer sights, and all that sort of thing, but never before or since, have I seen any thing so excessively ludicrous, as the figure which the Doctor cut, as he turned and fled from the assault of the white-wash Maid,—his face completely smeared with the mixture—his whiskers standing out like huge pieces of petrified sponge—his mouth and eyes tightly compressed together—and he fumbling in all his pockets for his handkerchief, which he had left on the other side of the room. The grave minister lost all self control, and I heard him tumbling on the carpet, as with my convulsed wife in my arms, I hastened into the dining room. The cool purified air, with a glass of water, which Betsey hastily brought, soon calmed her. Betsey had finished white-washing and was preparing to wash down the painted walls—the chairs and tables were removed, and the side-board covered with mats, straw carpets, &c. The carpet was gone, but the

floor was covered with pails, splatterings of lime and tubs of soap-suds, with a plentiful sprinkling of mops, brooms, and brushes. In the midst of all this, stood I, supporting my yet nervous wife in my arms, while at a little distance stood Betsey, with a half anxious, half tickled countenance ;—when our attention was arrested by a splendid pair of horses and carriage, with a black coachman, driving up the avenue, and drawing up at the end door,—and the next moment entered my excellent second cousin, Capt. Social, with his wife, little daughter, sister, and her new married husband, to spend *some time*.

MAINE.

“ My native land, my country, thou
With all thy rugged mountains piled—
With howling winds, and drifting snows,
Along thy dark untrodden wild ;
Hath sweeter breath than India's gales,
Smiles brighter than Italia's vales.”

It has been thought by some, that Maine, as far as it regards moral cultivation, and natural scenery, is devoid of interest. But let the sceptic, who doubts the existence of the former, or the granduer and sublimity of the latter, come and examine for himself,—for to such an one it would be needless to say, that our scenery is not equalled, even in the days of romance and fiction. Let him visit the inland towns on the Penobscot waters,—where but a few years since, the foot of the white man had not left its impress : and witness the rapid improvement of the increasing population, in the various degrees of intellectual and moral refinement, there exhibited : bid him compare the present state of society, with that of ten years ago ; and then tell me, if this section of the country is destitute of moral interest.

Let him trace to their sources, the broad rolling Kennebec and Penobscot, with their numberless tributary streams,—their stupendous cataracts, and romantic cascades,—their boiling whirlpools and curling eddies,—their green meadows and echoing cliffs, that for centuries have answered to nought, save the bound of the wild deer—the shout of the daring hunter, or the awful thunder of the Heavens. Let him seek the romantic lakes, that lie embosomed

among our mountains, and encircled with the everlasting green of our majestic forests,—and tell me if Maine cannot boast of her natural scenery. It is true, that the traveler in search of the wonderful, will not find the ruined cities, and crumbled palaces, of the old world ;—but let him remember that these mountains have withstood the tempestuous blasts of centuries, unmoved,—that the perennial hue of these lofty pines, have defied the howling storms of winter ; and the scorching sun of summer, for ages ;—that, from time immemorial, these rivers have rolled on in the same undeviating course, unheeded by the eye of man ;—that the glossy surface of these lakes have been ruffled by the wind of many storms, and reflected the image of the beautiful Indian maid ; and borne the light canoe over their untroubled bosoms. In these forests the Indian built his rude habitation ;—here the council fireblazed ;—here the warwhoop was echoed with shrilling blast through the impenetrable forest ;—here the pipe of peace was smoked ;—here in short, lived the forgotten child of the native, and was happy ; and here rest his remains—unconscious that the presence of the white man pollutes the soil above him.

If he does not find the luxuriant plantations of the south, he does not find their wretched appendages,—the curse of slavery never rested on these shores, and the dreadful plague has passed them unharmed.

If he does not find the flourishing manufactories of the west,—he does not find their glaring distinctions, of rich and poor : but he will find the soil producing the necessities of life in abundance ; and even its luxuries are not withheld,—but every rank, from the opulent citizen to the retired woodsman, enjoying the comforts of life, in a superlative degree :—he will find the smile of contentment on every face, and the voice of praise on every tongue. And who would turn from these away, to the ruined greatness and aristocratical remembrances of the old world ? Is not a scene among our lakes and mountains preferable to one among the buried cities, or sandy deserts of the east ? The former, naturally points our admiration to the Creator, who formed magnificence and granduer,—the latter, carries us back to the dark ages of the world, and reminds us that we are viewing what remains of the works of mortals,—still more feeble and erring, than ourselves : these tell us that the beautiful flowers of the earth, were formed for the humble savage, as well as the haughty king,—and that God has made no distinction between man and man,—that the poor and humble, the rich and powerful, are alike in his eye ;—those tell us that man has presumed to make a distinction, by rearing palaces and castles for

the abode of kings ; but God has not deigned to notice their distinctions, and the palace and the hut lie mingled in the same heap of ruin and desolation. These tell us that nature, has, with a fanciful taste, formed our happy land, and that it still continues to reap her favors : the blight of desolation has never visited it,—malignant diseases and famine are strangers among us : health, peace, cheerfulness, and prosperity, crown all our labors ; and, as a people, contribute to render us brave, virtuous, and industrious,—as individuals, intelligent, useful, and happy.

Williamsburg, July, 1835.

STANZAS.

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name sake.

Psalm 23—3.

DARK and benighted ; o'er the way,
No glimmering light illumines my path ;
No star of morn with cheering ray,
Whispers of hope—night in its wrath
Is 'round me : hopeless, friendless, lone,
I sink—but hush, a heavenly tone
Whispereth, lean on me, and take
The righteous' path, for my name's sake.

My Father, what though tempests lower,
And break, o'er my defenceless head ;
Though earths, and e'en a darker power,
Should snares across my path-way spread :
Give me the hope—no other boon
So high, in all my prayers shall be,
As when the props of earth are gone,
In the right path to lean on thee !

O ! Heavenly hope ; what is this life—
A fluttering on a thorny maze ;
Moments of peace and years of strife,
Make up our life ; and as we gaze
Back on the past, 'tis but a dream—
A bubble on a turbid stream.
A thousand visions we may see,
But ah ! not one reality.

And what's the future—may the light
Of reason, show a land of rest,
Where day is shrouded not in night,
And mirth ne'er hides an aching breast ?

Ah ! human folly—if no ray
 From inspiration guides the way,
 Better our lamp of life should gleam,
 Last midst the waves of Lethe's dark stream.

Yet Heavenly power, thy promise given,
 To all who meekly trust in Thee ;
 Earth's but the ante-room of Heaven ;
 Life, the road unto eternity.
 What matter how ? if on we press
 To the high goal of righteousness :
 And what, though rough the path-way be,
 Saviour, if we but lean on Thee.

IMPORTANCE OF PIETY IN A WIFE.

IF I were requested to name one essential prerequisite in the character of a wife ; which, atoning for other deficiencies of education—would of itself enable her to bear the light and shadow—the weal and woe of married life, with honor to her husband and happiness to herself ; which would give her in every vicissitude—and to the most fortunate they are many—the wish, and consequently the means, of making her husband happy in her society ; which would enable her to learn, and fulfil her duties as a wife and mother, with no other assistance, than what the determined efforts of her own mind, to leave no opportunity of improvement unimproved ; no duty unfulfilled, might afford her ; I would unhesitatingly answer, that all of this, and more, might be compassed by humble, active piety.

Piety, in a practical sense of view, generally exerts a different effect upon the character of woman, from what it does upon that of man. The sphere of man's duties is the wide world ; his influence, if he so wills it, may be felt from pole to pole : but woman—a chain of thornless roses, confines her sphere of duties to her husband's home ; her own fireside : and here her smile of sweetness sheds a radiance, which the stern dignity of man's character, bending never but to smile a return for the devoted tenderness of a beloved wife, or to caress her cherub image, can never impart. Here then in her sanctuary of home, every thing is influenced—moulded, by the character of the wife ; and here, true piety develops and displays itself. Is her husband prosperous ? does wealth lay her treasures

at his feet ? and do the good things of the world spread themselves in profusion around him ? Then the pious wife whispers that these things are but the glories of what, in its most enviable state, is but a butterfly day of existence ; and which deserves not the devotion of the heart of an immortal being ;—and that every good and perfect gift, whether wealth of earth, or wealth of mind, is a talent given by God, of which he will hereafter require an account. Ah ! not so many cold, iron hearted rich men, than for whom to enter into the kingdom of Heaven it were easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, had fallen beneath the Saviour's eye, had such wives as his, who washed his hands of the blood of " that righteous man," been common in Gallilee. To a man of wealth, and especially to a man of active business, piety in a wife is a treasure, without which all his other treasures are comparatively worthless. In illustration of this truth, I would inquire, why it is that men of large capital—of extensive business, have, almost proverbially, dissipated sons ? Trace the effect home to its cause ; trace the reckless youth to his childhood's home, to the precepts, and what is far more important, the examples set before him there—in many, very many cases, his mother is, or in her youth was, a *dissipated woman*. Forgive the phrase, it is *not* a name without a deed. Is not devotion to the world—a life in society—a carelessness and desertion of her own home—neglect of the expanding minds of her offspring—leaving thorns and thistles to grow up where no seeds of virtue and future usefulness have been sown,—is not this dissipation ? It is at *least* dissipation in the blow, and its fruit ripens in profligate and abandoned sons, vain and insipid daughters : and wisdom higher than human ken hath guarded, if not in gray hairs, brought with sorrow to the grave. In such a case, would not piety in a wife—wisdom, which coming down from above, would have taught her, as her husbands engrossing cares increased upon him, to ease him of part of his burden, by devoting herself to her children, and by bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord ; to make them an honor to their father and a blessing to herself : would not this of itself more than balance a deficiency in the external accomplishments, the love of dress, or even the froth of science, with which modern women of the world are frequently garnished ? Wisdom would certainly answer in the affirmative.

To a man, as it respects fortune, in the *middle* rank of life, it is self evident that humble piety is every thing in a wife. It enables her to appreciate and enjoy the benefits bestowed, without repining at the smallness of the gift ; it enables her to fill her station in society with dignity and usefulness, knowing that duty teaches " in

whatsoever situation we are therewith to be content." Her smile makes her neat cottage and calm fireside, a paradise to her husband ; and in her society he finds that " a competence is all he can enjoy," and forgets that he is not rich. " Her children rise up and call her blessed," her husband he also praiseth her—no needless extravagancies to gratify her vanity or her pride, embarrass his affairs ; no painful repinings at the lowliness of her lot, embitter his life :—cheerfulness and contentment, are ever encouraging him on to renewed exertions for the happiness of her who so richly rewards his cares ; who sweetens every cup of bliss and hides every chalice of misfortune, beneath a smile of resignation and content—or whispers, " one wiser than thou ordained it," or " wait and you will see that it is all for the best." Such a wife is a treasure to a man of moderate fortune : indeed she is a fortune in herself, and one for which abundant wealth would be but a paltry equivalent.

But it is in misfortune—in poverty—in the blasting of bright hopes and cherished visions of bliss : when the sunshine consolations of earth have shown their fallacy ; it is then, that religion arises and shakes herself from the dust,—it is then, that female piety puts on her beautiful garments, and gilds the lowly cottage—the chamber of sickness and sorrow, with a radiance all her own ; it is then, that she whispers peace to the breaking heart, and pours the balm of consolation into the wounded bosom. Misfortunes under such attendants are often blessings in disguise, and we rise from the bed of sickness,—the shock of misfortune,—with chastened and purified spirits, to put in practice lessons of wisdom, which but for adversity, and the light of religion, which taught us to read it aright—we had never learned. The influence of woman is proverbially great. That of a mother over the minds and consequently, the destiny of her children is certainly unquestionable. If then the mothers give, or *may give*, the mould and bent to the character of their sons, and have also the forming of the propensities and tastes of their future wives, who will exert over them the greatest influence of their after lives : surely to mothers, is delegated a power sufficient, even, to have dried the tears of him who wept that he had no more worlds to conquer.

In a *very* great degree—the moral character of the next generation depends upon the taste, talents and *wisdom*, of the mothers of this. Is not then true piety, the wisdom which cometh down from above, of paramount importance, in the character of those whose task involves so much of weal and woe, publicly as well as in private ? for though a curtain hides the actress from the view, yet the *effect* of her potent touch upon the delicate wire work of human nature, is

seen in the character of heroes, philosophers, good and bad men ; and is *felt* in the perfection or grossness of society, the wide world over. The decline and fall of the ancient states of Greece and Rome, may be traced to the decline of the primeval simplicity of habits, and pure nobility of mind, among their women ; which, in their perfection, could not but make their nation great. When lordly Greece, laid her head in the dust of ages, the effeminacy and weakness which the character of her daughters had acquired, had imparted itself to her sons : they were Grecian mothers and Grecian men no longer. When proud and haughty Rome, sank down to the level of the common herd—the frugality, prudence, wisdom, and proverbial domestic habits, of the Roman matron, were lost in the sensual and unfeminine reveler in public amusements of an indelicate and ferocious character ; in gorgeous entertainments which served to display wealth, the love of which they nourished,—in devotion to personal adorning, and to public scenes, where their vanity was flattered, and their pride pampered ; until the shades of the matron ancestors of Rome, would have scorned the frail fallen daughters, who claimed a lineage from them. Ah ! had the mild and beaming light of christianity been there ; had the pure effulgence of wisdom, which in the dawning of the millenium, is all around *us*, but beamed upon *their* expansive, though morally beclouded minds ; and Greece had still stood the pride of nations ; and Rome—though perhaps not as mistress of the world, yet beautiful, venerated, Rome, with all the trophies of her greatness, and perhaps *more* of her goodness about her. Then let us be up and doing. Every moment of time makes its report of good or evil, as it passes on to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. Daughters of my own beloved land, you have before you a high and holy destiny. You will soon fill stations where your influence will be expanded—the sacred ties of wife and mother, will twine themselves around you ; and your every word and action will carry with it a weight, which, could you see in all its bearings, present and future, would overwhelm you with your responsibility. “ Who is sufficient for these things.”

Not human wisdom can a line impart,
Of conduct which to the untainted heart,
Robs conscience of its sting.

But there is a code of morals, which, when once engraven on the heart, leaves no situation in life without its directions. Study it—study its divine Author ; look *up* and feel how ennobling it is to set aside the wisdom of *this* world, and drink, in its primeval purity, from the fountain that is higher than we. Active duties will by and by engross you. Now—while you know not care, except by name,

is the time wisely to prepare for their fulfilment. Waste not precious moments, hours, days ; lest by and by, they whisper a tale in your ear, which will wake a pang of self reproach in your heart. Be jealous of time, engrossed by what your sober reason tells you, will not improve you for time or eternity ; and may the wing of peace, and the light of more than earthly wisdom, shed their calm and radiance over your life ; and may you inherit a " far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," in that more glorious state of existence compared with which this life is but an insects day.

VALLEY OF THE PISCATAQUIS.

'Tis dawn of day—from the aërial arch,
The lamps of Heaven are burning ; but their light
Is fading now ; for yonder in his march,
Comes up the god of day : sending back night
With all his train to rest. Far in the east
Behold, his banners floating, on he comes ;
Sing forth ye songsters, wake the morning's breeze
To fan his temples, as his path of light
Winds up the eastern hills ; 'til o'er the seas,
And o'er the earth, he comes to gild our homes.

The homes of earth—how many scenes of bliss
Does his revolving course, light up, to show
That e'en on earth, a paradise there is,
And e'en for man, a resting-place below.
Vallies, where peace and quietness repose ;
And hills, where lofty pine trees rear their heads,
To guard some lowly cottage, where there glows
The light of human love ; a lamp which sheds
A fragrance o'er our lives, and turns to peace our woes.

And midst the " green and sunny" spots of earth,
Thy valley, fair Piscataquis I view ;
Where romance, midst thy flowers would wander forth,
And brush with early foot, nights tear drops through—
Here let me rest. Far on thy northern bound,
Haughty Katahdin, lifts his hoary head,
And nods to the Abemas, circled 'round
With mists of morning o'er their shoulders spread :
Ye are the back-ground. Forests deep and green,—
Old nature's legions, spread their mighty arms,
And guard, like giants, ancient time hath seen,

This low vale of peace, from all the harms
Which dwell in earth without, where wars have been.

Sweet vale of peace ! thine own bright bounding stream,
Is coursing through thy bosom, joyously ;
And the red morning sun, with gilding beam,
Is dancing on thy waves, triumphantly ;
And many a graceful elm tree, bending low,
Fringes thy margin ; and the clouds of morn
Look down in folded beauty, as they go :
How fair ! in the gay sunshine, floating on,
And shadowing, the valley far below.

A SCENE DURING THE FIRST EVACUATION OF MEXICO BY CORTES.

“ WHAT Alvarado had reported of Don Amador, was true. The neophyte averred, that, dead or alive,—a spectre or a creature of flesh and blood,—the steed, bestriden by the sable phantom, and urged with such fury against the footmen, was neither less nor more than his own good beast, Fogoso ; and he declared, with even more impetuosity, as Don Pedro had related, that the figure, descending the opposite hill, was the knight of Calavar, on his ancient war-horse,—an apparition, perhaps, but no St. James,—unless this heavenly patron had condescended to appear in the likeness of a knight so valiant and so pious. Strange fancies beset him, and so great was his impatience to resolve the marvel, that he scarce waited to behold the general balance his good spear, before he turned his horse, and spurred furiously backward.

“ Meanwhile, the black horseman descended with such violence upon the footmen, as threatened their instant destruction, his fierce eyes, as the christians thought, gleaming with the fires of hell ; so that, notwithstanding the sudden relief coming in the person of the supposed saint, they were seized with horror, and gave way before him. At the moment when he rushed among them, uttering what seemed the *Lelilee* of another land, he was encountered by his celestial opponent, whose strong voice shouted out—“ God and St. John ! and down with thee, paynim demon !”

“ The shock of two such steeds, both of great weight, each bearing a man cased in thick armour, each urged on by the impetus of descent from the hills, and meeting, midway, in a narrow valley, was tremendous. At the moment of encounter, the sable rider perceived, for the first time, his opponent ;—he checked his steed suddenly, and flung up his lance, as if to avoid a contest. But the precaution came too late ; his rising lance struck the casque of his adversary, tearing it off, and revealing the grim visage and grizzly locks of the knight of Calavar ; while at the same moment, the spear of Don Gabriel, aimed with as much skill as determination, smote the enemy on the lower part of the corslet, and pierced it as a

buckler of ice, penetrated, at once, to the bowels and spine. The shock that unseated the riders, was shared by the steeds, and horse and man rolled together on the earth.

The loud cry of "Calavar! the Penitent Knight! the valiant Don Gabriel!" set up by the bewildered and awe struck infantry, reached the ears of the novice. He spurred on with new ardour, and reaching the footmen just as they divided in pursuit of the flying barbarians, he sprung from his horse, and beheld his kinsman lying senseless, and as it appeared to him, lifeless, in the arms of the wounded Baltasar.

"In the name of Heaven, Amen! what is this? and what do I see?" he cried. "Oh Heaven, is this my knight?—and doth he live?"

"He lives," said Baltasar, "and he feels as of flesh and blood; and yet did he die on the lake side. God forgive us our sins! for neither heaven nor hell will hold the dead!"

"Just at that moment, the knight opened his eyes, and rolled them on his kinsman,—but his kinsman regarded him not. A low moaning voice of one never to be forgotten, fell on the ear of the novice, as he gazed on his friend; and starting up, he beheld, hard by, the page Jacinto, lying on the body of Abdalla, from whose head he had torn the helm, and now strove, with feeble fingers, to remove the broken and blood-stained corslet.

"Jacinto!—Leila!" cried Amador, with a voice of rapture, flinging himself at her side, (for now, though the garments of escaupil still concealed the figure of the Moorish maid, the disguise could be continued no longer.) The joy of the cavalier vanished, for the maiden replied only with lamentations; while the Zegri fixed upon him an eye, in which the stony hardness of death was mingled with the fires of human passion.

"Place my head upon thine arm, cavalier!" said Abdalla, faintly, "and let me look upon him who has slain me."

"Oh, my father! my father!" cried the Moorish girl.

"God forbid that thou shouldst die, even for the sake of the maiden I love," exclaimed Amador, eagerly, supporting his head. "Thou art a Wali, a christian, and the father of her that dwells in my heart. Live, therefore; for thou have neither land nor people, neither home nor friends, neither brother nor champion, yet am I all to thee; for I crave the love of thy daughter."

"The maiden sobbed, and heard not the words of the cavalier; but the dying Moor eyed her with a look of joy, and then turning his gaze upon Amador, said,—

"God be thy judge, as thou dealest truly with her, who, although the offspring of kings, is yet an orphan, landless, homeless, and friendless on the earth."

"I swear to thee," said the novice,—“and I protest——”

"Protest me nothing: hearken to my words, for they are few; the angel of death calls me to come, and my moments fly from me like the blood-drops," said the Zegri. "Until the day, when I dreamed thou wert slumbering in the lake, I knew not of this that hath passed between ye. Had it been known to me, perhaps this death that comes to me, might not have come; for, what I did, I did for the honor and weal of my child, knowing that, in the hand of Spaniards, she was in the power of oppressors and villains. That I have struck for revenge is true; I have shed the blood of

Castilians and rejoiced, for therein I reckoned me the vengeance of Granada. Yet, had it been apparent to me, that the feeble maid, who, besides myself, knew no other protector of innocence in the world, could have claimed the love of an honorable cavalier, and enjoyed it without the shame of disguise and menial occupation, then had I submitted to my fate, and locked up in the darkness of my heart, the memory of the Alpujarras."

"Who speaks of the Alpujarras?" cried the knight of Rhodes, staring wildly round; who speaks of the Alpujarras?"

"I!" said the Moor, with a firm voice, bending his eye on Don Gabriel, and striving, though in vain, for his nether limbs were paralyzed, to turn his body likewise; "I Gabriel of Calavar, I speak of the Alpujarras; and good reason have I to speak, and thou to listen; for I was of the mourning, and thou of the destroyers."

"Pity me, Heaven!" cried the knight, staring on the Moor, in the greatest disorder. "I have seen thee, and yet I know thee not."

"Rememberest thou not the field of Zugar, and the oaths sworn on the cross of a blood-stained sword, by the river-side?"

"Hah!" cried Don Gabriel; "dost thou speak of mine oath?—mine oath to Alharef?"

"And the town of Bucares, among the hills?" continued the Zegri, loudly, and with a frown made still more ghastly by approaching death; "dost thou remember the false and felon blow that smote the friend of Zugar,—and that, still falser and fouler, which shed the blood of Zayda, the beloved of the Alpujarras."

"As the Wali spoke, the knight, as if uplifted by some supernatural power, rose to his feet, and approached the speaker, staring at him with eyes of horror. At the name of Zayda, he dropt on his knees, crying,—

"Miserere mei, Deus! I slew her! and thou that art Alharef, though struck down by the same sword, yet livest thou again to upbraid me!"

"Struck down by thy steel, yet not then, but now!" exclaimed the Moor. "I live again, but not to upbraid thee—I am Alharef-ben-Ismail, and I forgive thee."

"At this name, already made of such painful interest to the novice, his astonishment was so great, that as he started, he had nearly suffered the dying prince (for such were the Walis of Moorish Spain,) to fall to the earth. He caught him again in his arms, and turned his amazed eye from him to Don Gabriel, who, trembling in every limb, still stared with a distracted countenance on that of his ancient preserver.

"I am Alharef, and, though dying, yet do I live," went on the Zegri, interrupted as much by the wails of his daughter, as by his own increasing agonies. "The sword wounded, but it slew not—it slew not *all*—Zayda fell, yet live I, to tell thee, thou art forgiven. Rash man! rash and most unhappy! thine anger was unjust; and therefore didst thou shed the blood of the good, the pure, the loving and the beautiful, and thereby cover thyself, and him that was thy true friend, with misery. When thou soughtest the love of Zayda, she was the betrothed of Alharef. Miserable art thou, Gabriel of Calavar! and therefore have I forgiven thee; miserable art thou, for I have watched thee by night, and looked upon thee by day, and seen that the asp was at work in thy bosom, and that the fire did

not slumber. Great was thy sin, but greater is thy grief; and therefore doth Zayda, who is in Heaven, forgive thee."

"She pardons me not," murmured Don Gabriel, not a moment relaxing the steadfast eagerness of his stare. "At the pyramid of Cholula, on the anniversary of her death, she appeared to me in person, and, O God! with the beauty of her youth and innocence, yet robed in the blackness of anger!"

"And have thine eyes been as dark as the look of the lover?" cried Albaref. "Stand up, Zayda, the child of Zayda! and turn thy face upon Calavar, that his delusion may leave him."

As he spoke, he lifted feebly the arm which embraced his child, removed the cap, and parted the thick clustering locks from her forehead. Still, however, did she look rather the effeminate boy, upon whom Calavar had been accustomed to gaze, than a woman; for there is no effort of imagination stronger than that required to transform, in the mind, the object which preserves an unchanging appearance to the eye. Nevertheless, though such a transformation could not be imagined by Don Gabriel, there came, as he wistfully surveyed the pallid features of the maiden, strange visions and memories, which every moment, associated a stronger resemblance between the living and the dead. He trembled still more violently, heavy dew-drops started from his brow, and he gazed upon the weeping girl as upon a basilisk.

"Wherefore," continued the Zegri, speaking rapidly, but with broken accents,—“when I had resolved to fly to the pagans, as being men whom, I thought God had commissioned me to defend from rapine and slavery, I resolved to take such advantage of their credulity, as might best enable me to befriend them.—I say, wherefore I resolved this, I need not speak. I protected my child, by recommending her to their superstition; and, had I fallen dead in the streets, still did I know, that reverence and fear would wait upon the steps of one whom I delivered to them as a messenger from Heaven. In this light I revealed her to the princes, at the temple, when——”

"It is enough!" muttered Don Gabriel, with the deep and ac-timated tones of sorrow; "I wake from a dream. God forgive me! and thou art of the blood of Zayda? the child of her whom I slew? Albaref forgives me; he says, that Zayda forgives me; but thou art her child, dost *thou* forgive me?"

"Father! dear father, she doth!" cried Amador, gazing with awe on the altered countenance of Albaref, and listening with grief to the moans of Zayda. "O holy padre!" he exclaimed, perceiving the priest Olmedo rising, at a little distance, from the side of a man, to whom he had been offering the last consolations of religion—"Hither, father, for the love of Heaven, and absolve the soul of a dying christian!"

"Is there a priest at my side?" said the Zegri, reviving from what seemed the lethargy of approaching dissolution, and looking eagerly into the face of the good Olmedo. Then turning to Amador, he said solemnly, though with broken words, "Thou lovest the orphan Zayda?"

"Heaven be my help, as I do," replied the cavalier.

"And thou, Gabriel, that wert my friend, and standing in the light of this young man's parent,—dost thou consent that he shall espouse the daughter of Zayda, saved, while a piteous infant, by christian men, from out the house of death?"

“The knight bowed his head on his breast, and strove to answer, but, in his agitation, he could not speak a word.

“Quick, father! for heaven’s sake quick!” cried Alharef, eagerly; “let me, ere I die, know that my child rests on the bosom of a husband. Quick! for the sand runs fast; and there is that in my bosom, which tells me of death. Love and honor thy bride; for thou hast the last and noblest relic of Granada. Take her—thou wert her protector from harsh words and the violence of blows. Quick, father, quick! quick, for mine eyes are glazing!”

“The strangely timed and hurried ceremony was hastened by the exclamations of Alharef; and the words of nuptial benediction were, at last, hurriedly pronounced.

“I see thee not, my child!” muttered the Moor, immediately after. “My blessing on thee, Amador,—Gabriel, thou art forgiven. Thine arm round my neck, Zayda; thy lips to mine. Would that I could see thee!—Get thee to Granada, with thy lord—to the tomb of thy mother—I will follow thee—tarry not in this land of blood—I will be with thee; we have a power yet in the hills—”

“Let the cross rest on thy lips, if thou diest a christian,” said the father.

The novice drew the maiden aside; the Zegri pressed the sacred symbol to his lips, but still they muttered strangely of Granada.

“I am of the faith of Christ, and Mahomet I defy. My people shall be followers of the cross, but they shall sweep away the false Spaniard, as the wind brushes away the leaves. The Emir of Oran is prepared—the king of Morocco will follow. A power in the hills—Ah!—we will creep by night, to Granada—a brave blow—Africa shall follow—Ha, ha!—Seize the gates! storm the Alhambra!—but spare life—kill no women!—Remember Zayda!—”

“With such wild words, accompanied by the faint cries of his daughter, the spirit of the Moor passed away, and Alharef-ben-Ismaïl lay dead in the land of strangers.

“Don Gabriel uttered a deep groan, and fell across the feet of his ancient friend.

At this moment, Cortes descended from his horse, and, followed by other cavaliers, stepped up to the lamenting group.

“And Calavar, the valiant, has been murdered by this traitor Moor!” he cried.

“Senor, Don Hernan,” said the novice, sternly, and as he spoke, rising from the earth, and folding the Moorish maiden to his heart, “you speak of him who was Alharef-ben-Ismaïl, a Wali of Granada, driven by the injustice of our companions, and in part, by your own rashness, to take arms against you. As one that am now his representative, and, as I may say, his son, I claim for him the honorable burial of a christian soldier; and, after that, will hold myself prepared, with sword and spear, to defend his memory from insult.”

SONG.

WEEP not for her—weep not for her,
 For she hath passed away :
 Too bright for earth—a heavenly star,
 Below why should she stay ?
 Is the air so pure ? are the hills so bright ?
 And the vales so green, that an *Angel* might
 Call earth her home ? O no—then all
 Rejoice that she hath passed away.

Weep not for her, for her heavenly eye
 Was ne'er fixed on things below.
 She knew that her father's house was nigh,
 And her spirit was fain to go
 To her bower, in the far-off Paradise—
 Where kindred voices and Angel eyes,
 Are ever around her, to cheer and to bless :
 Then weep not o'er her blessedness.

A SKETCH.

"The past—the past—the dreamy past,
 Called up by memory's magic wand,
 Gleams through the halo round it cast,
 Bright as e'en hopes' own phantom land."

WHY is it that the bright hopes and joyous anticipations of our youthful days, when the world is to us, so full of "life and loveliness and light," are remembered as the fairest and most blest of our existence ? How easily is the question answered. In the spring time of our years, our hearts have not been chilled and seared by a knowledge of the wiles and snares of the world. Then our feelings are fresh, warm and ardent,—are unused to guile, and unsuspecting even of its existence in others ;' with buoyant, bounding hopes of the future—what wonder that life seemed like a "fairy dream," and all those bright imaginings as so many distinct realities, to be enjoyed. What wonder that they are now garnered and treasured up in our very heart of hearts ?

Oh, sweet and happy days of innocence and trusting love, "with

breathing beauty rife." Why do time's pinions fly so swiftly through your golden years? Such were my thoughts as I gazed, though unperceived, on the form of my friend, Caroline Hervey, who was seated in a small arbour, overhung with honey-suckles and jessamines, at the extremity of a garden, tastefully adorned with flowers of every hue; whose fragrance threw a sweet perfume around,—and ornamented with trees, whose thick foliage concealed from view the lovely songsters, who poured forth all their rich and varied music—as if to charm away all sadness, and fill the listening ear with joy and happiness. But all unheeded were the lively notes of the little feathered warblers, by the occupant of this lovely paradise; and vain every attempt to recall her from the deep abstraction, into which she had fallen. A vision of *the past* had come over her, and thoughts of other days were swelling her heart, almost to bursting. A packet of letters lay scattered before her, the records of *early first love*. Alas! that time, nor change, nor scene, will never wholly erase the impression. Coldness, calmness and indifference may conceal our feelings from the world, and veil them to our dearest friends,—even while the worm is gnawing at the root. Thick and fast coming tears rolled rapidly down her cheeks, as she read one of the letters; the contents of which seemed to fill her whole soul with anguish;—then throwing it from her, she raised her eyes to Heaven, amidst an agony of contending feelings, and prayed to God to forgive and bless, with his richest blessings, *him* who was the cause of all that misery, and those tears; she prayed too, for strength and resolution to forget, aye, to forget him—whose image had been with her night and day, in sickness and in sorrow.

At an early age, Caroline Hervey entered the circles of the gay and fashionable world. With strong and ardent feelings,—a heart overflowing with love and kindness to all around; innocent herself, and unconscious of evil in others, she was deservedly a favorite with all her acquaintances. At a small party, given by her cousin Emma, she became acquainted with Henry Graham, on whom nature had lavished all her richest gifts, in outward adorning;—his heart, which *seemed* to be the seat of every pure and holy feeling, was seared and contaminated, by mingling in the society of those whose influence is blighting and withering, to all who cross their path. Suffice it to say, she loved—and the acquaintance of that evening was the beginning of sorrow to Caroline Hervey. Not many months had passed, when her father received information from a friend, of the real character of *him*, who, under the semblance of virtue and honor, had gained the affections and heart of his idolized daughter. All communication with him was forbidden,

but Caroline could not believe him unworthy of her love ; and she could not *forget* him, in whom all the wealth of her young affections were centered. She resolutely forbore to meet him, yet could not forbear to read his letters. The one in question disclosed his true feelings ; and opened her eyes to the full extent of her misery. Days and weeks passed by unconsciously, till body and mind recovered their wonted tone. Her strength of mind enabled her to struggle with and bear up under the trial, severe as it was,—which those only can realise, who have loved like her ; and found the idol of their souls, a worthless guilty being. It taught her a lesson she never forgot—to *weigh well the character*, before suffering the affections to become entangled.

Caroline Hervey is now a happy wife, blest with the love of one of “*God’s noblest creatures*,” whose approving smile is “all the world” to her. Every writing should have a moral. If an instructive one is drawn from this tale, my object is answered,—and may again take up my pen.

F.....

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

SOME of the finest lines of poetry which *native genius* has produced, are unquestionably those addressed to the National Banner, by the late Joseph Rodman Deake. From the address of Mr. Everett, delivered at “Lexington”—whose soil was first consecrated by the blood of freemen, shed in the sacred cause of LIBERTY, we make (says the Saturday Morning Visitor) the following extract—an apostrophe not less beautiful—to the ancient standard of “Massachusetts Bay.”

“All hail to the glorious ensign!—Courage to the hearts and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be entrusted!—May it forever waive in honor, in unsullied glory, a patriotic hope, on the dome of the capitol, on the country’s strong holds, on the tented plain, on the rock-waved top mast ; wheresoever on the world’s surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it. On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foot-hold, humanity a brave champion and religion an altar. Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never in any cause be stained with shame.

Alike when its gorgeous folds shall wander in lazy holiday triumph, on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the cloud of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause may it alone forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. First raised in this humble village, and since borne victoriously across the continent, and on every sea, may

virtue and freedom, and peace, forever follow where it leads the way! The banner which was raised, on this spot, by a village hero, was not that whose glorious folds are now gathered round the sacred depository of the ashes of his brave companions. He carried the old provincial flag of Massachusetts Bay. As it had once been planted in triumph on the walls of Louisburg, Quebec, and Montreal, it was now raised in a New England village, among a band of brave men, some of whom had followed it to victory in distant fields and now rallied beneath it, in the bosom of their homes, determined if duty called them, to shed their blood in its defence. May Heaven improve the omen. The ancient standard of Massachusetts Bay was displayed for the confederating colonies, before the *Star Spangled Banner of the Union* had been flung to the breeze. Should the time come, (which God avert,) when that glorious banner shall be rent in twain, may Massachusetts, who first raised her standard in the cause of United America, be the last by whom the cause is deserted; and as many of her children, who first raised that Standard on this spot, fell gloriously in its defence, so may the last son of Massachusetts, to whom it shall be entrusted, not yield it but in the mortal agony!"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

By the kindness of our friends at home and abroad, our table is well loaded with new Books, Reviews, Magazines, &c. Late publications have come in upon us so rapidly, we hardly know when we shall find time to notice all—more particularly read them—as they deserve. For the present month, we can merely bestow a few passing remarks, and should it be convenient hereafter, we intend to devote to some of them more attention.

"THE MONIKINS," Cooper's last novel, we proposed to ourselves to notice very particularly, hoping from the reputation our countryman enjoys, to experience lots of satisfaction in its perusal. But, how sadly were we disappointed! It can scarcely be believed that the author of the "Spy," "Pilot," and "Pioneers," is its father, and never would have been, had not the magic of the "author of the Spy," on its front, so intimated. Should that circumstance lead others to read the book, as it has us, we hope they will arise from the task,—for it is a task, indeed—better satisfied than we find ourselves.

"THE ITALIAN SKETCH BOOK," by a gentleman of Boston, H. T. Tuckerman, Esq. who is gaining a wholesome reputation in the literary world, is said to be "a most charming little work,"—the truth of which remark we will soon ascertain. Several new works on education,—"*Record of a School*," "*Progressive Education*," and "*Todd's Student's Manual*," shall hereafter receive more attention. A new work, "*The History and Condition of Women*," by Mrs. Child, is announced as in the course of publication. It is said by those who have been favored with a perusal of it, that it is a work of great research, and will add much to the well-earned reputation of its excellent author. "*Horse Shoe Robinson*," is the title of a new novel, by the author of the "*Swallow Barn*," who bids fair to take a first rank among our native writers.

"THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW," for July, as usual, affords us a rich treat. The first article, by Edward Everett, the editor, "A tour on the Prairies," contains a just tribute to the merits of Washington Irving, whom he styles "the best living writer of English prose." We must quote his closing paragraph.

"And now we take leave of our countryman for the present, bidding him pursue the happy path of his popularity, and enjoy his fame. Let him chase every cloud from his spirits, if a cloud still hovers over them. Let him repose in the pure sunshine of a well earned and unenvied renown. Europe admires, and America admires and loves him. Let him write on; he can write nothing which will not be eagerly anticipated and cordially welcomed; and we trust we may add, well paid. If it be not, it is a scandal to the country. If, in these times of overflowing prosperity; when princely fortunes are daily built up in the country; when, under our happy institutions, an energy and enterprise, elsewhere unexampled, are in a state of the intensest action, and are daily reaping a golden harvest, in all the fields of prosperous industry, if there is not, on all hands, the disposition,—the resolute and affectionate purpose,—to make the talents and accomplishments of a man, like Washington Irving,—who is an honor to his country,—the source of fortune to himself, then we shall deserve, that he once again leave us and forever. But we shall indulge no such sinister anticipation. We believe a better day is dawning on American letters; that our republican princes are beginning to understand, that of all sordid things sordid affluence is the meanest; and that the portion of their riches, which will bring in the most exuberant return of pleasure to their possessors, is the portion devoted to a generous and discriminating patronage. The American father, who can afford it, and does not buy a copy of Mr. Irving's book, does not deserve that his sons should prefer his fireside to a bar-room;—the pure and chaste pleasures of a cultivated taste, to the gross indulgences of sense. He does not deserve that his daughters should prefer to pass their leisure hours in maidenly seclusion and the improvement of their minds, rather than to flaunt on the side-walks by day, and pursue by night an eternal round of tasteless dissipation."

The article on "Mrs. Butler's Journal," by A. H. Everett, is devoid of that prejudice which seems to have taken possession of the minds of those who have seen fit to review the work. He makes all proper allowances for the indiscretion of youth, and reasons in sober earnest with "Dear little me," and hopes that "her fortunate release from the sock and buskin, will give her ample leisure to cultivate" the talents which she manifestly possesses. The present number of this Review contains several other articles of much interest, from writers of distinction.

THE AMERICAN-QUARTERLY REVIEW, for June, commences a new series, in a new dress, and is "*printed by Lydia R. Bailey.*" We regard the present number as the most interesting that has appeared since its commencement. Seven of its ten articles would interest any female of literary taste. We fear the writer of the review of "Sigourney's Sketches," prided himself more upon a blunt independence as a critic, than upon his gallantry, or, what is of more consequence in our view in the present case,—his judgment. He really thinks that Mrs. Sigourney possesses some talent, but wonders amazingly how she ventured to publish this volume! One "sketch" is "uninteresting,"—the second is more interesting, "but still it has only a negative excellence, a freedom from *great* faults (we italicise), rather than any *positive* recommendation"—the third "is in most respects, a manifest improvement upon both"—the remaining three "are less interesting," &c. So says the writer, and concludes by saying, "if we are not mistaken, this book has already passed through three editions, for which fact, we must confess, we are unable to account, unless Mrs. Sigourney's name, on the outside of the volume, has tended to strengthen the impression produced by the contents." There are some people who have great fears they will never excite notice, and having such impressions, care but little by what means they become notorious if they can but become so. The writer of this article, we

think, must have been one of this genus—his bump of love of notoriety must be tremendous. We are satisfied that Mrs. Sigourney needs not even a passing remark from our humble self—her reputation is fixed on too firm a basis to be affected by her reviewer or by ourself. The sensibility of the literary community is sometimes subjected to outrage, and the present one is rather more severe than usual. He has, indeed, made a show of justice, by awarding to her *some* merit, but whether in earnest we cannot say—they are not in keeping with the rest of the article. The eighth article is on the “works of Fenimore Cooper.” We wish the same spirit had pervaded that we have just noticed. Of this we can say that the subject has been fairly treated. Praise has been awarded where it is so richly deserved, and censure inflicted in a few, and we are happy to say, in a very few instances. He should have stopped with the “Bravo,”—at least his reputation would have been greater had he kept from the public view, the “Heidermauer,” the “Headsman,” and more particularly the “Monikins”—which latter work has amply shown to the world that satire is not his forte. “The Spy,” “Pilot,” and “Pioneers,” will continue to be worshipped, but the “Golden calf” of the “Monikins,” was raised up in too unlucky an hour to receive the same honor. We are pleased to see a portion of this Review devoted to “Miscellaneous Notices.” They are generally confined to the work, which would *seem* to be intended for notice. Often times in our principal reviews, we search in vain for an opinion of a work, the title of which is prefixed to an article. A solitary observation may possibly occur in the article, if excluded therefrom, the article itself would be equally well were the title of “Webster’s Dictionary” or “Thomas’s Almanac” prefixed thereto.

We acknowledge the receipt of the “NORTH AMERICAN QUARTERLY MAGAZINE,” edited by Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, and published at Philadelphia. We wish the editor would change his work to a monthly—we would like to see it oftener. A change might dissipate the fears of rivalry from the minds of Bobby Walsh and his boy.

A friend has lent us the “NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE,” for August. This work is well conducted, and has lost nothing by its leaving the house of Buckingham. We admire the bold, manly course pursued by its editors. They have a goodly number of correspondents, who would do honor to any periodical. We find in this number a sweet little piece of poetry from the pen of a gentleman, who formerly resided in our State, and if we mistake not, in our city. We copy it entire.

I WILL REMEMBER THEE.

I WILL remember thee ; thy form will be
Mingled with lingering images of all
That gave those lost hours wings of bliss to me
When arm in arm, we wandered where the fall
Of this thy river’s radiant fountains made
The sunset-silence musical, under its fringing shade.

I will remember thee, with loveliest bloom
Of early roses, such as these thy hand
Culled for me in the grave-yard’s flowery gloom,
(Where rest thy sister’s ashes, in the land
Of dark and long oblivion ;) likest thee,
Their bursting, blushing charms, and therefore dear to me.

I will remember thee, when woods, as now,
O’ershadow me at noontide ; and the sweet
Breathings of virgin violets, as pure as thou,

Nor purer, from dim moss-banks of the hill-sides greet
Me in my weary wanderings, 'mid the trees
Of mine own father-clime—to 'mind me but of *these*.

I'll think of thee with streamlets ; and green leaves
Shall murmur of thee ; and the fairest star
That shines above me, as mild evening weaves
Her round pavilion in its splendor—far,
But not forgotten—will I sadly choose
To link with thoughts of thee, when most I love to muse.

I will remember thee, in coming days,
When I may tread the stranger's lonely shore,
And ponder upon old temples in the haze
Of twilight—where the mighty are no more—
(Though the soil teems richly with the pride
Of buried greatness, and the skies are dyed

With hues of gone-down glory :) even then,
And there, the memory of the loveliness
That cheered this solitude, may cheer again—
The echo of past pleasure—and thy grace
Bless me in all things ; lady, on the sea
Or land, in joy or anguish, I'll remember thee !

B. B. T.

Georgia, May, 1835.

There is also a bold, thrilling effusion, from Mrs. Sigourney, entitled "Napoleon's Epitaph,"—its length forbids our transferring it to our columns. Can't we receive the New England Magazine from another source regularly ?

"THE KNICKERBOCKER" has not reached us this month, nor the last, and we are indebted to a friend for a perusal of this work also. We regard this Magazine as the best in our country—it is the most lively, entertaining work with which we are acquainted. It has a capital list of contributors, whose names form a splendid array on its cover. We laughed an hour by "Shrewsbury clock" on perusing the sketch of the late Benjamin Smith, Loafer. It is a fine quiz—its hits are admirable.

"THE AMERICAN LADIES' MAGAZINE," edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, continues to maintain the high stand it long since acquired. It is the best female publication our country affords. We understand it is well patronized.

"THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE," Boston, is an excellent thing. It blends the useful with the agreeable, and must be as useful a work as the English, the Penny Magazine, &c. To readers in general, we know of no publication better suited. Each number contains many excellent wood cuts, illustrative of the contents.

"THE BOSTON PEARL," a beautiful weekly quarto of eight pages, edited by Isaac C. Pray, Jr., is received. Its editor is a gentleman of fine taste and acquirements. Many of our periodicals are graced by his various effusions in prose and verse. We understand he is about publishing a volume of Sketches, which will, without a doubt, be well received by the literary community.

"THE CINCINNATI MIRROR," is also received. It is a paper of high standing, conducted with much talent, by Wm. D. Gallagher and others, and will compare with any other 'Mirror,' of three editors, in the Union. The conductors are sterling men, if we are allowed to judge from the number before us.

"THE BOSTON AMARANTH," is a pleasant affair, recently removed from Bridgewater, where it was conducted by the Messrs. Brown.